WILD WEST

10¢
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NO. 1

TWO-GUN KID
VERSUS
The PHANTOM RAIDERS!

O.K., KID--- THIS IS IT!

YOU HOMBRES SURE YORE NOT TAKIN' TOO BIG A CHANCE? THE ODDS ARE ONLY SIX-TO-ONE!

LET 'IM HAVE IT, NOW! BEFORE HE DRAWS THOSE SIX-GUNS OF HIS!

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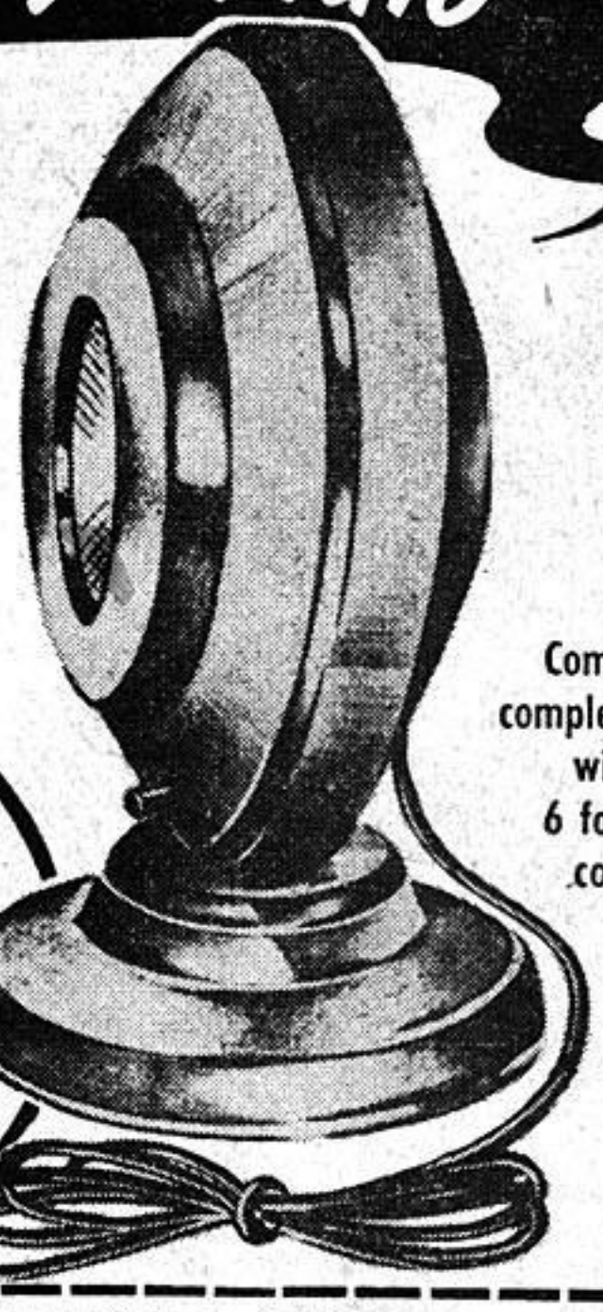

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THE TWO-GUN KID

"MARAUDERS OF THE RANGE!"

WHEN THUNDERING HOOFS ARE STILLED IN THE VALLEY, ONLY A GUN-TOTIN' BUCKEROO LIKE THE TWO-GUN KID CAN STOP A YOUNGSTER'S HEART FROM BREAKING!
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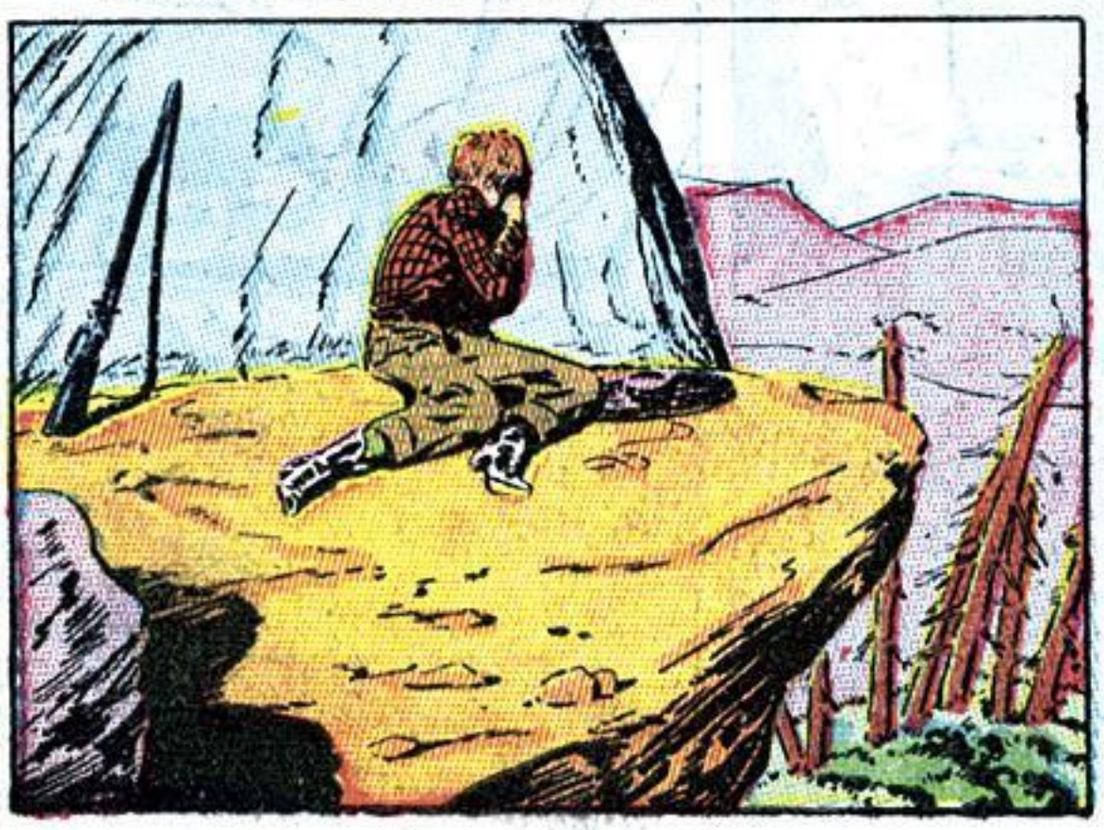
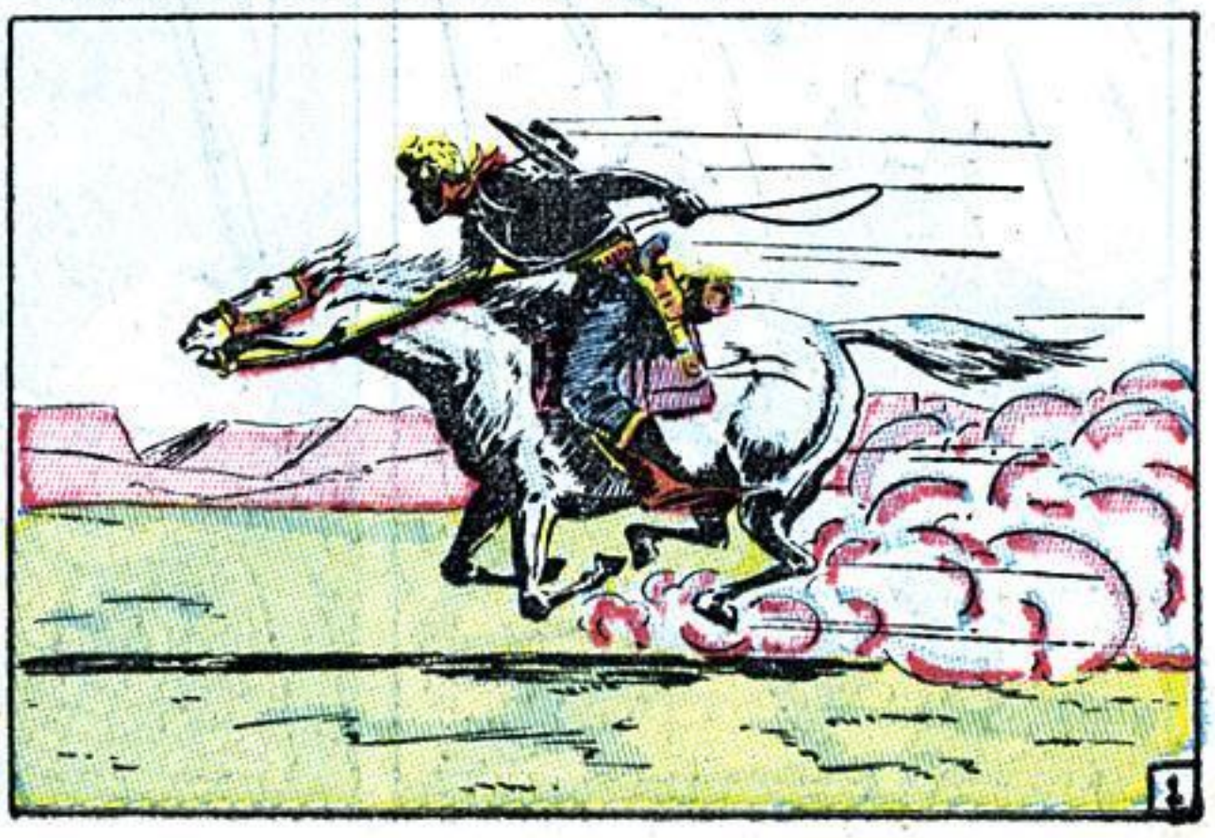
IT'S A STRANGE COMBINATION FROM THE START— A LONE BOY, WEEPING ON A HILL...



...AND A HARD-RIDING COWBOY, GALLOPING LIKE THE WIND TOWARD AN UNKNOWN DESTINATION!



AND WHEN THE TWO MEET, DANGER AND THRILLS RIDE THE RANGE!

WHOA, CYCLONE—WHO'S THAT ON YONDER ROCK?

SOMEONE'S COMIN'— I'LL SHOW 'IM!

STAY WHERE YOU ARE, STRANGER, OR YOU'LL TASTE HOT LEAD!

HOLD ON THERE NOW, SON—I SAW YOU CRYIN' AND THOUGHT I MIGHT *HELP* YOU!

I WAS *NOT* (SNIFF) CRYING!

NO, I GUESS YOU *WEREN'T* AT THAT, SON!

WITH THE SPEED OF AN AROUSED RATTLER, THE TWO-GUN KID LASHES OUT AND SEIZES THE THREATENING GUN!

NOW— SUPPOSE YOU GIVE ME THAT GUN AND TELL ME WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT?

LET ME GO! I *WON'T* GO BACK HOME! YOU *CAN'T* MAKE ME! *LET ME GO!*

OH, SO YOU'RE RUNNIN' AWAY FROM HOME, EH? SUPPOSE YOU TELL ME WHY!

I'M NOT GOIN' HOME TILL I FIND MY PONY! WHITEY WAS THE LAST PONY LEFT ON DAD'S RANCH— AND NOW THEY'VE STOLEN *HIM*, TOO!

HMMM! HOSS-THIEVES AT WORK, EH?

SON, SUPPOSIN' I PROMISE TO GET YORE PONY BACK FOR YOU! THEN WILL YOU COME BACK HOME WITH ME?

YOU? WHAT CAN YOU DO?

THERE AREN'T MANY THINGS THE TWO-GUN KID *CAN'T* DO, SON!

THE TWO-GUN KID? YOU!

THAT'S RIGHT! AND THE REASON I'M HERE IS THAT *I'M* LOOKIN' FOR THESE HOSS-THIEVES *ALSO!* I RECKON MEBBE *YOU* CAN HELP ME!

ME HELP THE TWO-GUN KID? *GEE!*

AN HOUR LATER...

HERE'S OUR RANCH! THE CIRCLE T... AND MY NAME'S TED TENNYSON!

GLAD TO MAKE YORE ACQUAINTANCE, TED!

TED TENNYSON, WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN? I'VE BEEN *SO WORRIED,* I—*OH,* YOU'RE *WITH SOMEONE!*

THIS IS THE TWO-GUN KID, SIS! HE'S GONNA HELP ME CATCH THE HOSS-THIEVES! THIS IS MY SISTER, *TESS,* KID!

I'M MIGHTY PLEASED TO MAKE YORE ACQUAINTANCE, MA'AM!

GONNA HELP YOU CATCH THE THIEVES, EH? HE'S MORE'N LIKELY *ONE* OF THEM HIMSELF! OH WELL, COME IN—THERE'S *NOTHING LEFT* TO STEAL, NOW!

IMAGINE A HORSE RANCH *WITHOUT* ANY HORSES! THE THIEVING VULTURES DID A THOROUGH JOB ON DAD'S PLACE!

WHERE-ABOUTS *IS* YOUR FATHER, MA'AM!

HE'S IN HIS ROOM— IN THERE! HE HASN'T LET US COME IN TO SEE HIM SINCE THE ACCIDENT!

HE SAYS HE DOESN'T WANT US TO SEE HIM IN A WHEEL-CHAIR! HE WANTS US TO REMEMBER HIM THE WAY *HE USED TO BE!*

WELL NOW, MAYBE HE WON'T MIND SEEING A *STRANGER*— LIKE ME!

I HEARD YOU, *KID! COME IN!*

AND BEHIND THE CLOSED DOOR, THE KID MEETS TOM TENNYSON, ONCE KING OF THE HORSE RANCHERS! NOW, A CRIPPLED VICTIM OF THE WEST'S WORST GANG OF HORSE-THIEVES!

SHUT THE DOOR, MAN! DON'T WANT MY KIDS TO SEE ME IN THIS CONTRAPTION!

MR. TENNYSON, I'M HERE BECAUSE I HEARD OF HOW YOU'VE LOST ALL YOUR HORSES TO THE PHANTOM RAIDERS IN TWO MONTHS! *AND I'M HERE TO GET THEM BACK!*

BUT WHAT CAN ONE LONE MAN DO AGAINST A BUNCH OF *HARD-RIDIN' KILLERS?*

I TRAVELLED 'CROSS THREE STATES TO COME TO GRIPS WITH THOSE HOSS-THIEVES, MR. TENNYSON, AND WHAT *I'M* GONNA DO IS... WELL, YOU'LL SEE!

AND A FEW MINUTES LATER, THE KID PREPARES FOR ACTION!

O.K., SON— NOW *HERE'S* WHAT I WANT *YOU* TO DO...

OH BOY! ME AND THE TWO-GUN KID— *PARTNERS!*

YOU RIDE CYCLONE INTO TOWN AND SPREAD THE WORD AROUND THAT HE'S THE BEST HOSS IN THE STATE, AND I'M KEEPING HIM STABLED HERE FOR A SPELL!

NOW *GIT!*

BUT IF WORD GETS AROUND, THE PHANTOM RAIDERS WILL COME AFTER CYCLONE! TO STEAL *HIM*, TOO!

THAT'S WHAT I'M *HOPIN'* FOR, MA'AM— *THAT'S WHAT I'M HOPIN' FOR!*

SURE IS TOO BAD ABOUT YOUR DAD, MISS TESS! HAVEN'T YOU SEEN HIM SINCE HE'S BEEN IN THAT WHEEL-CHAIR?

NO! HE'S LOCKED HIMSELF IN HIS ROOM! HE SAYS HE'S ASHAMED OF HIS HELPLESSNESS!

WE JUST PASS HIS FOOD TO HIM, AND THAT'S ALL!

THAT NIGHT, A LIGHTNING-SWIFT HORSE AND A JUBILANT BOY RETURN...

O.K. KID—*I DID IT!* I TOLD 'MOST EVERYONE IN TOWN!

GOOD WORK, SON!

NOW THERE'S NOTHING TO DO BUT SIT BACK AND *WAIT!*

BUT, KID—WHAT IF THEY TRY TO *STEAL* CYCLONE?

THAT'S WHAT HE *WANTS* THEM TO DO, TED! HE'S USING CYCLONE FOR A *DECOY!*

LATER THAT NIGHT, JUST AS THE KID *KNEW* THEY WOULD—THE PHANTOM RAIDERS THUNDER TOWARD THE RANCH!

HERE THEY COME, KID! AND THEY'RE TAKIN' YOUR HORSE!

WH-WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO NOW?

WHY, I DON'T RECKON THERE *IS* ANYTHING I CAN DO *NOW*, MA'AM! I'M OUTNUMBERED TOO BADLY!

B-BUT THEY'RE RIDING AWAY WITH *YOUR* HORSE! THEY'VE GOT CYCLONE! I THOUGHT YOU WERE GOING TO *TRAP* THEM?

IF THE KID HAS A PLAN, IT CERTAINLY SEEMS TO BE A *STRANGE* ONE TO TED AND TESS TENNYSON!

NOW, JEST HOLD YOUR HOSSES, SON! LET ME DO THIS *MY* WAY!

BUT LET'S TRY AND FIND OUT WHAT THE KID IS UP TO! LET'S FOLLOW THE HORSE-THIEVES!

THIS HERE HOSS IS THE *BEST* OF THE LOT!

IMAGINE, US MAKING OFF WITH THE TWO-GUN KID'S OWN HOSS! WHAT A LAUGH!

I GUESS PRETTY SOON THE CHIEF'LL BE TELLIN' US TO HEAD FOR ANOTHER TERRITORY! AIN'T NOTHIN' LEFT TO STEAL AROUND *HERE!*

HAW HAW! THAT'S A GOOD'UN!

BUT, NO SOONER DO THE THIEVES FADE FROM SIGHT, THAN CYCLONE CLEARS THE CORRAL FENCE IN A MIGHTY LEAP!

AND WITH THUNDERING HOOFS AND FLOWING MANE, THE MIRACLE HORSE ROARS BACK TOWARD THE CIRCLE-T RANCH!

LISTEN! HOOF BEATS!

I *KNEW* HE'D COME BACK! WELL, KIDS, THAT'S WHAT I WAS WAITING FOR!

IT-IT *IS* CYCLONE!

THAT'S RIGHT! AND HE'S GONNA LEAD ME PLUMB BACK TO THOSE THIEVIN' COYOTES!

THE KID *DID* KNOW WHAT HE WAS DOING!

TAKE *ME* WITH YOU! WHAT CAN *YOU* DO *ALONE* AGAINST A WHOLE GANG?

YOU'LL *SEE* WHAT THE TWO-GUN KID CAN DO, SON! HASTA MANANA!

QUICKER THAN A RATTLER'S STRIKE, THE KID SADDLES CYCLONE, AND THEN...

AND LIKE A ROBIN HOOD OF OLD, A GRIN ON HIS LIPS, AND RECKLESS COURAGE IN HIS STOUT HEART—THE TWO-GUN KID GALLOPS STRAIGHT INTO THE HEART OF THE ENEMY CAMP!

I GOT TWO GUNS THAT BARK AND ROAR,
THEY'RE SHOOTING DAY AND NIGHT,
I GOT TWO GUNS AND WISH I HAD FOUR,
BECAUSE I LOVE TO FIGHT!

LISTEN! HOOF BEATS!

IT'S THAT HOSS CYCLONE, AGAIN!

IT *CAN'T* BE! HE'S LOCKED IN THE CORRAL!

YIPEEEE! WAKE UP, YOU BOB-TAILED, LOP-EARED, VULTURE-FACED *VARMINTS!* WAKE UP AND SAY "HELLO" TO THE *TWO-GUN KID!* YIPPEE!

IT'S HIM!

IT'S THE TWO-GUN KID!

DRILL THE COYOTE!

WHAT NEW KIND OF MADNESS IS THIS? THE KID IGNORES THE SHOOTING GUNMEN AS HE THUNDERS TOWARD THE CORRAL!

SORRY, HOMBRES! HAVEN'T TIME TO TANGLE WITH YOU RIGHT NOW! GOT BUSINESS TO ATTEND TO!

BANG!

BANG!

WE GOT 'IM NOW! WE'LL *TRAP* HIM IN THE CORRAL!

O.K., HOSSES! NOW LET'S SEE YA HEAD FOR HOME!

BANG!

BANG!

BANG!

HIT THE TRAIL! BURN UP THE RANGE! HEAD FOR HOME! *YIPPEEEE!*

HE'S FREED THE HORSES!

THEY'RE STAMPEDING!

RIGHT TOWARD US!

MAKE TRACKS! FAST!

WHAT'S THE HURRY, HOMBRES? *YOU'RE* NOT GOING ANYWHERE!

MINUTES LATER...

SO *YOU'RE* THE LEADER OF THE PHANTOM RAIDERS, EH? I'VE GOT A HUNCH I *KNOW* WHO *YOU* ARE!

BUT IN A SUDDEN DRAW, THE MASKED MAN WHIPS OUT A DEADLY COLT, AND...

COME ANOTHER STEP AND YOU'RE A DEAD'UN!

BUT, FASTER THAN THE EYE CAN FOLLOW, A GUN APPEARS IN THE KID'S HAND! A GUN WHICH ROARS, EVEN BEFORE THE MASKED MAN'S EYE CAN SPOT IT!

DON'T KNOW IF I AGREE WITH YOU!

BANG!

LATER... AND NOW, LET'S PLAY "FOLLOW THE LEADER", HOMBRES—AND THE *LAST* STOP IS *JAIL!*

LATER, BACK AT THE TENNYSON RANCH...

HELLO, SHERIFF! WHAT BRINGS *YOU* HERE?

I RECEIVED A MESSAGE TO BE HERE TO MEET THE STAGE-COACH! IT WAS SIGNED BY *YOUR* FATHER!

BUT DAD'S BEEN IN HIS ROOM!

LOOK! IT'S THE TWO-GUN KID! AND, *YIPPEE!* LOOKS LIKE HE CAUGHT THE WHOLE MESS OF 'EM!

THE *TWO-GUN KID!* DIDN'T KNOW *HE* WAS IN THESE PARTS!

HERE'S YORE PHANTOM RAIDERS, FOLKS—SIGNED, SEALED, AND *DELIVERED!*

OH, I'VE GOT TO RUN IN AND TELL DAD THE GOOD NEWS!

NO NEED TO DO THAT, LASS! HERE HE IS—THE *LEADER OF THE PHANTOM RAIDERS!*

OH, NO—*IT CAN'T BE*—IT *CAN'T* BE *DAD!*

YOU'RE RIGHT, MA'AM—IT *ISN'T REALLY* YOUR DAD! *LOOK!*

ACE BIDDLE—THE HORSE TRADER! B-BUT WHERE'S DAD? WHAT ABOUT HIS ACCIDENT?

HERE COMES THE COACH—I GOTTA HUNCH THIS'LL CLEAN UP THE WHOLE MESS!

IT'S *HIM!* IT'S *REALLY* DAD!

YOU SEE, BIDDLE KIDNAPED MR. TENNYSON AND TOOK HIS PLACE AT THE HOUSE! THERE *NEVER WAS* AN ACCIDENT!

I GET IT—AND THEN BIDDLE USED THE CIRCLE-T AS A CENTER OF OPERATIONS! PRETTY CLEVER!

BUT WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN, DAD?

I ESCAPED FROM THEM AND TRAVELED FOUR HUNDRED MILES TO FIND THE TWO-GUN KID! I KNEW *HE* COULD BRING THE VARMINTS TO JUSTICE!

WELL, MY JOB IS OVER! I'LL BE RIDING ON! HASTA MANANA, FOLKS!

THE END

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ARIZONA ANNIE

DON'T YOU BOYS KNOW ENOUGH TO TAKE YOUR HATS OFF IN THE PRESENCE OF A *LADY*?

HOW TO BE SOPHISTICATED AND GLAMOROUS

HOW TO BE A WELL-BRED LADY!

PIT A WOMAN-HATING BLACKSMITH AGAINST A FEMALE WHO KNOWS THE MEANING OF COURAGE, AND HE MAY HAVE TO EAT HIS WORDS WHEN THE GUN-TOTING, FAST-RIDING *ARIZONA ANNIE* SETS OUT TO STOP A MARAUDING TRIO!

2687

SOMETIMES AS SIMPLE A THING AS A LOOSE HORSESHOE CAN START AN EXCITING TALE, LIKE THE TIME ARIZONA ANNIE AND SLIM SMITH WERE LOPING TOWARD TOWN...

THINK I'LL TAKE MY HORSE TO THAT NEW BLACKSMITH AND GET HIS HORSE-SHOES LOOKED AT!

HOLD ON NOW, ANNIE! I WOULDN'T DO THAT IF I WERE YOU!

PETE GRIMM, THE BLACKSMITH, IS THE WORST WOMAN-HATER IN THE WEST! HE WOULDN'T HAVE ANYTHING TO DO WITH A *GAL'S* HORSE!

WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT!

HELLO, SMITHY! I'D LIKE YOU TO FIX ONE OF MY HORSE'S SHOES—IT'S LOOSE!

A *WOMAN*, BY JINGLE!

GET GONE FROM HERE, GAL! I WOULDN'T TOUCH A SHOE OF YOUR HORSE! I WON'T HAVE *NOTHING* TO DO WITH WOMEN! ALL THEY MEAN TO A MAN IS *TROUBLE!* NOW, *GIT!*

WHO DO YOU THINK YOU ARE, ANYWAY?

I DON'T LIKE THE LOOKS OF THOSE THREE STRANGERS, ANNIE!

HOWDY, BLACKSMITH!

SUDDENLY! SUPPOSE YOU LET US HAVE THAT BAG OF GOLD YOU'VE BEEN PLANNIN' ON TAKIN' TO THE BANK, SMITHY!

AN' YOU TWO BETTER *NOT* MAKE ANY FAST MOVES! *SAVVY?*

YOU *CAN'T* TAKE MY GOLD—IT'S *ALL* THE MONEY I'VE BEEN *SAVIN'*—YOU *CAN'T!*

WHAT DO YOU MEAN, *WE CAN'T!* WE'RE *DOIN'* IT, AIN'T WE? *HAW HAW!*

AND DON'T COUNT ON REMEMBERIN' OUR FACES! YOU *WON'T NEVER SEE US AGAIN!* WE'RE JUST PASSIN' THROUGH THIS TOWN! *HAW! HAW!*

SAY, THAT'S A NICE-LOOKIN' GAL YA GOT THERE!

I LIKE *YOUR* LOOKS TOO! ARIZONA ANNIE'S MY NAME!

ANNIE! WHAT ARE YOU SAYIN'?

HOW ABOUT JOININ' UP WITH *US* INSTEAD OF WASTIN' TIME IN THIS *DEAD* TOWN?

RECKON AS HOW THAT'S A GOOD IDEA! YOU'VE GOT YOURSELVES A PARTNER!

ANNIE—YOU *CAN'T* MEAN THAT! ANNIE—*COME BACK!*

SHUT UP, AND *DON'T* TRY TO FOLLOW US, 'CAUSE WE DON'T LIKE NOISEY COWPOKES! *HAW HAW!*

I TOLD YA! *WOMEN IS POISON!* THEY GOT MY GOLD, THE VARMINTS! BUT I'LL GET 'EM!

I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT! ANNIE *COULDN'T* TURN OUTLAW!

SAY, YOU'RE A SPUNKY ONE ALL RIGHT! YOU'RE KEEPIN' RIGHT UP WITH US!

I CAN KEEP UP WITH *ANY* MAN!

COME ON, WE'LL TURN OFF HERE! THEY'LL *NEVER* CATCH US NOW!

BUT, HOT IN PURSUIT, ARE SLIM AND THE BLACKSMITH!

I GOTTA GIT ANNIE—I *GOTTA* MAKE HER EXPLAIN!

WHEN I CATCH UP WITH 'EM, I'LL BLAST THEIR DAD-BLAMED HIDES!

BUT FINALLY THE TRAIL ENDS AT THE BROOK WHERE THE THREE BANDITS TURNED OFF...

LOOKS LIKE WE LOST 'EM, ALL RIGHT!

JUS' LIKE I ALWAYS SAY—YOU CAN'T *NEVER* TRUST A WOMAN!

SHE'LL COME BACK TO US! I *KNOW* SHE WILL!

I BEEN SAVIN' THAT GOLD FOR MONTHS! *WOMEN-BAH!*

FINALLY, HOURS LATER...

LET'S PITCH CAMP HERE, MEN! WE'RE SAFE NOW!

IF'N WE KEEP ROBBIN' SOME-ONE IN EVERY TOWN WE PASS THROUGH, WE'LL BE MILLION-AIRES BY THE TIME WE HIT MEXICO! *HAW HAW!*

HOW ABOUT YOU AN' ME GOIN' OVER YONDER RIDGE TO LOOK AT THE MOONLIGHT, HANDSOME?

YIPPEE, GAL! *LET'S GO!*

IMAGINE THAT GAL GETTING SWEET ON OLD MONTANA! OH WELL...

I'M GLAD YA FELL FOR ME, GAL! NOW HOW'S ABOUT A LITTLE KISS, EH?

SURE!

HOW'S THIS FOR A *LOVE TAP?*

KLONK!

THAT'S *ONE* DOWN—AND *TWO* TO GO!

COUPLE OF MINUTES LATER...

LOOKS LIKE I PICKED THE WRONG GUY—I *REALLY* WANTED TO HAVE A TALK WITH *YOU!*

I SHOULDA KNOWED IT!

WAL, CAN YA TIE THAT?

I ALWAYS DID LIKE MEN WITH *BIG BROWN EYES!*

B-BUT MINE ARE *GRAY!*

I DECLARE! DID YOU EVER SEE SUCH A BEAUTIFUL MOON? IT'S AS LOVELY AS A LONG-LEGGED COLT ON A HIGH PLATEAU!

WHAR?

MEBBE THERE *WUZN'T* A MOON! BUT *HERE'S* SOME STARS YOU *CAN* LOOK AT!

POW!

WELL, I FOOLED THE OTHERS! I GOT BOTH OF THEM LOST! NOW *YOU* AND *I* CAN BE *ALONE*— *YOU'RE* THE ONE I *REALLY* LIKE!

ME?

SHUX—I AIN'T MUCH OF A HAND WITH THE WIMMEN!

OH, I THINK YOU'RE *WONDERFUL!*

HAH! I'M TOO FAST FOR YA! I SUSPECTED YORE GAME ALL THE TIME!

OUCH!

THERE!

YEOWWW!

I'LL TEACH YA TO STEAL AN INNOCENT BLACKSMITH'S MONEY—AND TO TRY TO TRICK *POOR DEFENCELESS GALS!*

HALP!

FEW HOURS LATER, BACK IN TOWN, GRIMM IS STILL ANGRY AT THE WORLD IN GENERAL—AND AT WOMEN IN PARTICULAR!

YOU OUGHT TO BE ASHAMED OF YOURSELF!

DON'T-OUCH-LEGGO!

AND THE NEXT WOMAN I SET EYES ON—I'M GONNA...

LOOK WHO'S COMIN'!

HI, PARDNER! HERE'S YOUR MONEY BACK—AND HERE'S SOME GENTS WHO WANNA SEE THE SHERIFF!

IT'S ANNIE! SHE'S BACK! I *KNEW* IT!

SHE-SHE GOT MY MONEY BACK!

THE NEXT DAY, BACK IN TOWN...

TELL ME, SLIM, AFTER WHAT HAPPENED YESTERDAY, IS PETE GRIMM STILL A WOMAN-HATER?

TAKE A LOOK AND SEE!

HORSE SHOEIN' DONE *FREE* FOR LADIES' HORSES

HI, FOLKS! LOVELY DAY!

I RECKON HE'S CURED NOW, EH, SLIM?

THE END

THE OPERATION

YOUNG DOCTOR Stevens paused wearily on the bottom step of the hospital. He was tired—the day had been long and arduous. Seven major operations were almost too much for his young shoulders to carry. He took a deep breath of the dank night air and continued his walk homeward. It was almost midnight.

He had walked three blocks when it happened. He stopped on the curb to light a cigarette, and out of the swirling night fog careened a speeding car. There was a young girl approaching him from the other side of the street. Stevens saw her look up and see the car—and try to jump back out of the way. She was unable to make it in time, and Stevens heard a dull thud, as the car disappeared down the street, vanishing swiftly into the fog.

Muttering a foolish curse under his breath, the young doctor sprinted to the side of the prostrate girl. She was unconscious, sprawled face downward on the wet, glistening street. There was much blood on the pavement. A curious crowd began to collect around the two. "Call an ambulance," Stevens cried hoarsely. "I'm a doctor. And be quick about it!"

A policeman appeared on the scene and pushed back the curious crowd. In the dark and fog Stevens was unable to examine the young woman. There was nothing to do but wait. In a few moments the faint, wailing moan of the approaching ambulance could be heard, and then it flashed to a skidding stop, almost running into the crowd.

The girl was placed inside by an attendant, and Stevens climbed in beside her. "Back to the hospital," he ordered. "I'll take care of her myself!"

In the examining room of the hospital Stevens got his first good look at the girl. He caught his breath and steadied himself against the table. She was exquisitely beautiful. Long, soft blonde hair framed a delicate oval face that looked as though it had been chiseled by a master from a block of perfect, white marble. Her eyes were closed, but he knew that if he could see them they would be green, like a cat's. She was still unconscious, and from the nasty bump which he could see on the back of her head, Stevens knew it would be some time before she recovered her senses.

He proceeded to examine her. She was unscathed except for one thing—her hands. Stevens groaned inwardly as he saw them. They were terribly mangled. Evidently when she had seen the car coming, she had put out her hands in a futile attempt to protect herself, and the car had hit them, knocking her down. And then, too, she might have scraped them against the pavement when she fell. Stevens was undecided as to what to do about it.

At that moment another doctor entered the room. He was Robert Colhoun, Stevens' best friend. He saw the girl.

"What happened, Steve?" Robert asked.

Stevens shook his head sadly. "A car accident. Hit and run."

"Who is she?"

Stevens shrugged his shoulders. "I don't know. She wasn't carrying a purse. No identifying marks anywhere. But, golly, she's beautiful. Look at her, Robert!"

Robert examined the girl. He turned to Stevens. "She *is* beautiful. But Steve, her hands, look at her hands!"

"Yes, I know. I can't let her lie here and do nothing about it. If she doesn't come to soon, I'm going to operate!"

Robert looked at Stevens sternly. He shook

1948 DELUXE MODEL
Columbia
Since 1877— America's FIRST Bicycle
Exclusive Columbia Precision Frame
Famous New Departure Coaster Brake
Full-Protection Airflow Chainguard
Exclusive Built-In Parking Stand
Bright Chrome Electric Headlight
Bright Chrome Fork Truss Rods
Torrington Rust-Resistant Steel Spokes
Long-Wearing U.S. Royal Chain Tires with Airtite Tubes

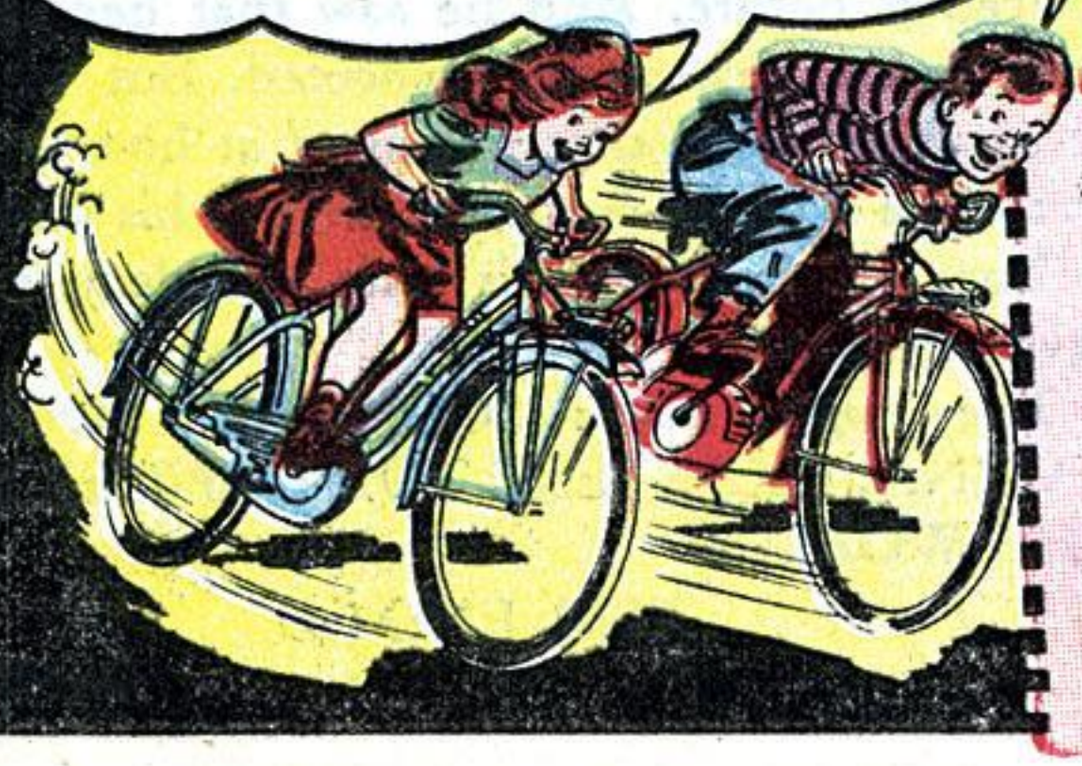
WIN ONE OF THESE 1,000 Columbia BIKES!

JUST NAME YOUR BIKE!

FOLLOW EASY CONTEST RULES. Pick a name for the bike you hope to win. You might choose the name "Red Racer" or "Road Champ." (Just examples, of course.) It's easy. It's fun. You'll think of many names. First name that pops into your head may win you a genuine Columbia bicycle! 1,000 new 1948 models offered in this sensational prize contest.

1,000 CHANCES TO WIN!

SEND SEVERAL ENTRIES. Eat lots of Wheaties, "Breakfast of Champions," with milk and fruit. Include one Wheaties boxtop with each "Name-Your-Bike" entry. All entries must be postmarked by midnight Feb. 29, 1948. Hurry! Jot down some names right now! Mail an entry today! Now!



EASY NEW WHEATIES CONTEST RULES:

1. Name the bike you hope to win. Print the name. Add your own name and complete address. Attach a Wheaties boxtop. Mail to Wheaties, Box No. 1300F, Minneapolis, Minn. **2.** Enclose a Wheaties boxtop with each entry. **3.** All entries must be postmarked by midnight, Feb. 29, received by March 22, 1948. **4.** Entries judged on originality, uniqueness and suitability. Decision of three judges —faculty members of U. of Minn.—final. Duplicate prizes in case of ties. **5.** Entries become property of General Mills. None will be returned. **6.** Contest open to all residents of U. S., its territories and possessions, except employees and families of employees of General Mills, Inc., Westfield Mfg. Co., and their advertising agencies.

30 days after closing date, complete list of winners' names will be forwarded upon receipt of stamped self-addressed envelope mailed to General Mills, Dept. 480, at 623 Marquette, Minneapolis 2, Minn.

"Wheaties" and "Breakfast of Champions" are registered trade marks of General Mills, Inc.

CLIP AND MAIL TODAY!

WHEATIES,
BOX 1300F, MPLS., MINN.

I enclose one Wheaties boxtop. The name I choose for the Columbia bicycle I hope to win is: PLEASE PRINT

BIKE NAME:.....

My Name_____

Street Address_____

City_____ State_____

IMPORTANT:
Check model you want: ☐ BOY'S (Bright Red) ☐ GIRL'S (Teal Blue).

his head. "Without her consent? You know what that means, don't you? If anything were to happen, you'd be in a devil of a mess. They could even revoke your license to practice medicine."

Stevens nodded slowly. "Yes, I know, but if we wait till tomorrow, it may be too late. Her hands may be scarred for life. And that would be terrible, Bob! A girl as beautiful as she, with horribly scarred hands! Why, a person's hands are the first thing one sees. It might give her a complex, might change her whole outlook on life. I've got to operate immediately!"

Robert looked at the girl again. "You may be right," he said. "You know," he added, "there's something familiar about her. It seems to me that I've seen her somewhere before."

"I felt the same way," Stevens said, "but I just now realized it. There's something about her . . ."

They both watched the still form of the girl. Then Stevens spoke, his face immobile with determination. "I don't care what the cost is, Bob—I'm going to operate. If it's at all possible, I'm going to save that girl's hands. Tomorrow may be too late, and I'd never forgive myself. Call the operating room, and tell them to get everything ready. I'm going to wash up and dress." He turned and stalked purposefully from the room.

"I'm with you, Steve," Robert called. "I'll be there to help!"

As he washed, Stevens tried desperately to remember where he had seen the girl. It was no use. The memory eluded him, slipping beyond his mental grasp even as he thought. He went to the operating room, his forehead creased in worry and doubt.

Three nurses were assembled near the table as he entered the room, snapping on his mask. The white overhead light glared down on the sheet-covered body of the girl. Robert was standing at the head of the operating table. He was to handle the ether. Stevens picked up a scalpel, and the operation began.

It was not very difficult for him, but extremely tedious. In order to repair the girl's hands, Stevens had to have skin from some other portion of her body. And in order not to mar the girl's perfect form he took the skin from her feet—not enough to matter—as he felt that this would be the least noticeable place. She could always wear shoes—it would leave her feet slightly scarred, but it would not impair her ability to walk.

For forty-five minutes Stevens bent under the light. Sweat beaded his forehead, but his hand was steady and sure, and when it was over, he knew he had succeeded even better than he had hoped. When the wounds healed her hands would be as white and graceful as ever. No one would ever know she had been in a horrible automobile accident. Only by looking at her feet could one tell, and the feet are the easiest part of the body to conceal.

He shook hands with Robert. "You did it, boy!" Robert said. "Congratulations! I've never seen a better job of surgery!"

"Thanks, Bob. I had to do it."

Stevens was still congratulating himself as he wearily dressed to go home. He knotted his tie, gazing into the mirror hanging on the wall of the dressing room. He noticed his hands were trembling with nervous exhaustion, and they reminded him again of the girl. He wondered who she was, how she would react when he saw her. Would she be grateful or merely indifferent?

By the pale light streaming in through the window he saw that it was almost dawn. Time for him to go. He would get some sleep and return to the hospital at noon and see the girl.

As he left, for the second time in eight hours, the sun was just breaking over the roof tops in a blaze of scarlet light. He trudged slowly down the long steps, feeling shaky in the knees, but buoyed up by the strange lightness of mind that always comes with fatigue.

The he saw the sign across the street, and suddenly he knew where he had seen the girl before. Her picture was on the huge signboard across the street, but he had never really noticed it before. And he saw that her eyes were green, just as he suspected. But when he saw the words that screamed at him from across the sign, he wanted to sink to his knees, to bury his head on his arm and sleep and never awaken.

The sign read: COMING SOON. TARINA, GREATEST TOE DANCER IN THE WORLD!

THE END

SL—2560

TEX TAYLOR

"LAW OF THE SMOKING GUNS!"

TWO MEN FACE EACH OTHER — THE LAWMAN, FILLED WITH FEAR, AND THE COWPOKE, WITH A BURNING HATRED! THEY REACH FOR THEIR DEADLY SIX-SHOOTERS, AND...

DRAW, CALHOUN! THIS IS IT!

SL-2896

IN THE BACK ROOM OF A SMALL SALOON IN WISHBONE, TEXAS, THE SHERIFF AND HIS CRONIES ARE ENJOYING A GAME OF POKER...

YES SIREE, BOYS—IT SHORE IS A TOUGH LIFE BEING A SHERIFF! HAW! HAW!

IF YOU DON'T STOP WORKING SO HARD, YOU'LL WEAR YOURSELF PLUMB OUT! HAW, HAW, HAW!

SUDDENLY!

SHERIFF! HE'S HERE! HE'S BACK IN TOWN!

HOLD ON THERE, DRY GULCH! WHAT'RE YA SO EXCITED ABOUT? SIMMER DOWN, AND TALK SENSE!

IT'S TEX TAYLOR— HE'S BACK IN TOWN— HE'S NOT IN THE ARMY ANYMORE!

TEX TAYLOR IN TOWN! I THOUGHT HE'D BEEN KILLED IN THE WAR?

AND HE'S PACKIN' HIS TWO GUNS!

DON'T YOU HOMBRES GET TOO FAR AWAY— I MAY NEED YOU!

AND DOWN THE MAIN STREET OF WISHBONE, ... A TALL, GRIM-LOOKING, GUN-TOTIN' COWBOY SLOWLY PACES FORWARD... LOOKING NEITHER TO THE RIGHT OR LEFT!

NO NEED TO GET UPSET ABOUT TAYLOR— NOTHIN' HE CAN DO TO ME AS LONG AS I'M SHERIFF OF THIS HERE TOWN!

I— WANT— YOU— CALHOUN!

WHA...?

TAYLOR!

THAT'S RIGHT, CALHOUN— IT'S *ME*—TEX TAYLOR!

NOW TAKE IT EASY, TEX—I'M YOUR FRIEND! I AIN'T DONE NOTHIN'!

I'VE COME 3000 MILES TO FIND YOU, CALHOUN!

AND KEEP YOUR HANDS AWAY FROM YOUR GUNS, CALHOUN, 'CAUSE I'M FEELIN' RIGHT ANXIOUS FOR AN EXCUSE TO DRAW!

DON'T! YOU *CAN'T*, TEX! I'M SHERIFF— YOU'LL HANG FOR IT—*DON'T DRAW, TEX!*

LOOK— IT'S HIM—TAYLOR! HE'S SPOTTED CALHOUN!

HE'S LIABLE TO MAKE CALHOUN SPILL THE BEANS!

THERE'S ONLY *ONE* THING TO DO!

I'LL TELL EVERYTHING I KNOW, TEX—BUT D-DON'T DRAW!

START TALKIN'!!

IT WAS---*OHHHHHH!*

BANG!

BEFORE THE SHERIFF'S LIFELESS BODY CAN HIT THE GROUND, TWO DEADLY SIX-SHOOTERS APPEAR IN THE STEADY HANDS OF TEX TAYLOR!

WHAT HAPPENED HERE? WHO SHOT THE SHERIFF? WHO ARE *YOU?*

MY NAME'S TEX TAYLOR—DUNNO WHO SHOT CALHOUN!

MY NAME'S GREY—I'M *MAYOR* OF THIS TOWN—AND IT LOOKS TO ME LIKE *YOU* MUST'VE KILLED CALHOUN! ARREST HIM, MEN!

RIGHT, MAYOR!

NOBODY'S ARRESTING ME! THE FIRST COYOTE TO GET NEXT TO ME, DIES!

LOOK OUT! HE'S GOT THE MAYOR!

COME ON, YOUR HONOR—*WALK!*

YOU'RE MAD—YOU CAN'T GET AWAY WITH THIS—YOU CAN'T HOLD ME HOSTAGE FOREVER!

IF YOU'RE THE MAYOR HERE, I'M GONNA TELL YOU A STORY—A STORY THAT'LL TELL YOU *WHO* I AM—AND *WHY* THE SHERIFF'S MEN ARE *AFRAID* OF ME! SIT DOWN!

I SEEM TO HAVE NO OTHER CHOICE!

YOU'RE *NEW* IN THIS TOWN, SO YOU WON'T REMEMBER ME—BUT I USED TO LIVE ON MY FATHER'S RANCH—DOWN IN *WHISPERIN' VALLEY!*

"*My* FATHER WAS THE GREATEST GUY IN THE WORLD—AND THE BEST CATTLEMAN IN THIS STATE!"

"UNTIL THE DAY HE MET JEB CALHOUN..."

HOWDY, MR. TAYLOR—MY NAME'S CALHOUN—I'M HEAD OF THE CATTLEMEN'S PROTECTION LEAGUE!

AND FOR $500 A MONTH, MY LEAGUE WILL POSITIVELY PROTECT YOUR CATTLE AGAINST RUSTLERS...

I WON'T PAY A RED CENT TO YOU OR YOUR KIND, CALHOUN! *NOW GET OFF MY LAND!*

ALL RIGHT, TAYLOR, WE'LL GO—BUT YOU'LL BE *SORRY!*

GIT, YOU VARMINTS!

WELL, AFTER THAT I HADDA GO INTO THE ARMY—AND WHILE I WAS IN SERVICE, I GOT A LETTER...

A LETTER TELLING ME MY FATHER WAS *DEAD*—AND THAT BEFORE HE HAD DIED, HE HAD SOLD OUR RANCH TO JEB CALHOUN!

BUT I KNOW WHAT *REALLY* HAPPENED! CALHOUN GOT HIMSELF ELECTED SHERIFF SOMEHOW AND FORCED MY FATHER TO SIGN OVER OUR RANCH TO HIM—*THEN KILLED HIM!*

THEN YOU *DID* COME BACK AND KILL CALHOUN!

NO! I DIDN'T! MEBBE I WOULD HAVE—BUT I *DIDN'T! SOMEONE ELSE DID*—AND WHAT I WANNA KNOW IS—*WHY?*

SON, I BELIEVE YOU, AND I CALL ON YOU TO GIVE YOURSELF UP TO ME AND STAND TRIAL! IF YOU'RE INNOCENT, YOU'LL BE ACQUITTED BY A FAIR JURY!

ALL RIGHT, YOUR HONOR— YOU'VE MADE A DEAL!

AND SO, A FEW NIGHTS LATER...

ORDER IN THE COURT! DRY GULCH DOAKES, TAKE THE STAND!

DOAKES, WHAT DID YOU SEE ON THE DAY SHERIFF CALHOUN WAS BRUTALLY MURDERED?

I SAW *THAT* COYOTE OVER THERE *SHOOT* HIM, MISTER LAWYER!

THAT'S A LIE! HE'S LYING! I *DIDN'T!* IT'S ALL A PACK OF *LIES!*

ONE MORE PEEP OUTA YOU, TAYLOR, AND I'LL HAVE YOU HUNG *WITHOUT* A TRIAL! NEXT WITNESS!

AND NOW, MR. DILLON, AS AN HONEST, RESPECTABLE BUSINESS MAN OF THIS FAIR TOWN, WILL YOU TELL THE COURT WHAT *YOU* SAW ON THAT FATAL NIGHT?

WHY, SHORE...

I SAW HIM WITH MY OWN EYES TAKE OUT HIS COLT AND DRILL THE PORE SHERIFF! AND I THINK HE OUGHTA BE HUNG *RIGHT NOW!*

THAT'S THE LAST STRAW! IT'S ALL A FRAME-UP! THEY'RE ALL LYING! THEY'RE ALL *COVERING UP!* YOU'VE GOTTA FIND OUT *WHAT* THEY'RE COVERING UP!

I'M SORRY, TAYLOR— THERE'S NOTHING *I* CAN DO! IT'S OUT OF MY HANDS! AND IT LOOKS TO *ME* TOO AS THOUGH YOU'RE *GUILTY!*

WELL, IF I'M GONNA BE FRAMED, I'M *NOT* GONNA BE FRAMED WITHOUT *FIGHTIN' BACK!*

CRACK!

I'LL JUST RELIEVE YOU OF THAT COLT NOW, PARTNER!

HE SHOT OUT THE LIGHTS!

CRASH!

PING-G!

BANG!

COME ON, FELLA! YOU AND ME HAVE A LOTTA HARD RIDIN' TO DO!

CRRASH!

NO— HOLD ON, FELLA! I JUST GOT AN IDEA!

HE MUSTA GONE *THAT* WAY!

GIT 'IM— DON'T LET THE ORNERY KILLER ESCAPE!

QUIET, BOY!

THERE'S THE HOMBRE I WANT TO FOLLOW!

THIS LOOKS BAD— I'VE GOTTA MEET THE BOYS AND MAKE SOME PLANS, PRONTO!

LET'S GO, HOSS—I GOTTA HUNCH THIS HOMBRE WILL LEAD US TO THE INFORMATION I'M AFTER!

HOPE THE BOYS ARE HERE LIKE I TOLD 'EM TO BE!

YOU FOOLS! YOU MESSED EVERYTHING UP! *HE ESCAPED!*

NOW GET THOSE GUNS BUCKLED ON! WE'VE *GOT* TO FIND TAYLOR! HE MUSTN'T LEAVE THIS COUNTRY *ALIVE!*

YOU WON'T HAVE TO LOOK FAR TO FIND *ME*, YOU SNIVELIN' COYOTES!

IT'S TEX TAYLOR! I'LL PLUG 'IM!

IF ANY PLUGGIN' IS DONE, IT'LL BE BY **ME!**

BANG

...AND **BY NO ONE ELSE!**

OW!

CRASH!

ZINGG!

THAT'LL TAKE CARE OF THE LAST OF YOU!

THIS RUINS EVERYTHING! I'VE **GOT** TO ESCAPE!

JUST A MINUTE, PARDNER! **YOU'RE** THE ONE **I'M** AFTER!

WHIRR

I SHOULD HAVE SUSPECTED IT WAS **YOU** ALL THE TIME!

WHAT DO YOU WANT OF ME? I'VE DONE **NOTHING!** I—I'M YOUR FRIEND!

YOU'RE THE ONE WHO FORCED SHERIFF CALHOUN TO KILL DAD AND TAKE OVER HIS RANCH! YOU'RE THE ONE WHO ARRANGED A CROOKED TRIAL FOR ME AND TRIED TO GET ME LYNCHED!

YOU'RE THE BRAINS BEHIND THE WHOLE THING!

Y-YOU'RE MAD! WHY WOULD I DO THAT?

BECAUSE YOU KNEW OF THE GOLD DEPOSITS ON DAD'S RANCH, AND YOU WANTED THEM!

AND YOU HAD CALHOUN KILLED BECAUSE YOU WERE AFRAID HE'D SPILL WHAT HE KNEW, TO ME!

YOU CAN'T PIN ANYTHING ON ME!

AND IF YOU COULD, YOU WOULDN'T LIVE TO DO IT!

PING!

BANG!

BANG!

AS LONG AS I'VE GOT MY SIX-GUNS, NO MURDERIN' COYOTE'LL GET THE DROP ON ME!

THE FALLING KNIFE TWISTS AROUND AND ENTERS THE TREACHEROUS KILLER, CLAIMING HIM AS ITS VICTIM!

YOU WERE A SNEAK, EVEN TO THE END!

IT'LL BE EASY TO CLEAR MYSELF WITH THE LAW NOW! AND WITH THE MONEY FROM DAD'S GOLD DEPOSIT, I'LL HAVE ENOUGH TO SPEND THE REST OF MY LIFE HUNTING DOWN VARMINTS LIKE THE MAYOR—AND DESTROYING THEM!

THE END

ADVICE TO COMIC READERS FOR

BAD SKIN

Stop Worrying Now About Pimples, Blackheads And Other Externally Caused Skin Troubles

JUST FOLLOW SKIN DOCTOR'S SIMPLE DIRECTIONS

By *Betty Memphis*

Have you ever stopped to realize that the leading screen stars whom you admire, as well as the beautiful models who have lovely, soft white skin, were all born *just like you* with a lovely smooth skin?

The truth is that many girls and women do not give their skin a chance to show off the natural beauty that lies hidden underneath those externally caused pimples, blackheads and irritations. For almost anyone can have the natural, normal complexion which is in itself beauty. All you have to do is follow a few amazingly simple rules.

Many women shut themselves out of the thrills of life — dates, romance, popularity, social and business success — only because sheer neglect has robbed them of the good looks, poise and feminine self-assurance which could so easily be theirs. Yes, everybody looks at your face. The beautiful complexion, which is yours for the asking, is like a permanent card of admission to all the good things of life that every woman craves. And it really can be yours—take my word for it! — no matter how discouraged you may be this very minute about those externally caused skin miseries.

Medical science gives us the truth about a lovely skin. There are small specks of dust and dirt in the air all the time. When these get into the open pores in your skin, they can in time cause the pores to become larger and more susceptible to dirt particles, dust and infection. These open pores begin to form blackheads which become infected and bring you the humiliation of pimples, blackheads or other blemishes. When you neglect your skin by not giving it the necessary care, you leave yourself wide open to externally caused skin miseries. Yet proper attention with the double Viderm treatment may mean the difference between enjoying the confidence a fine skin gives you or the embarrassment of an ugly, *un*beautiful skin that makes you want to hide your face.

The double Viderm treatment is a formula prescribed by a skin doctor with amazing success, and costs you only a few cents daily. This treatment consists of two jars. One contains Viderm Skin Cleanser, a jelly-like formula which penetrates and acts as an antiseptic upon your pores. After you use this special Viderm Skin Cleanser, you simply apply the Viderm Fortified Medicated Skin Cream. You rub this in, leaving an almost invisible protective covering for the surface of your skin.

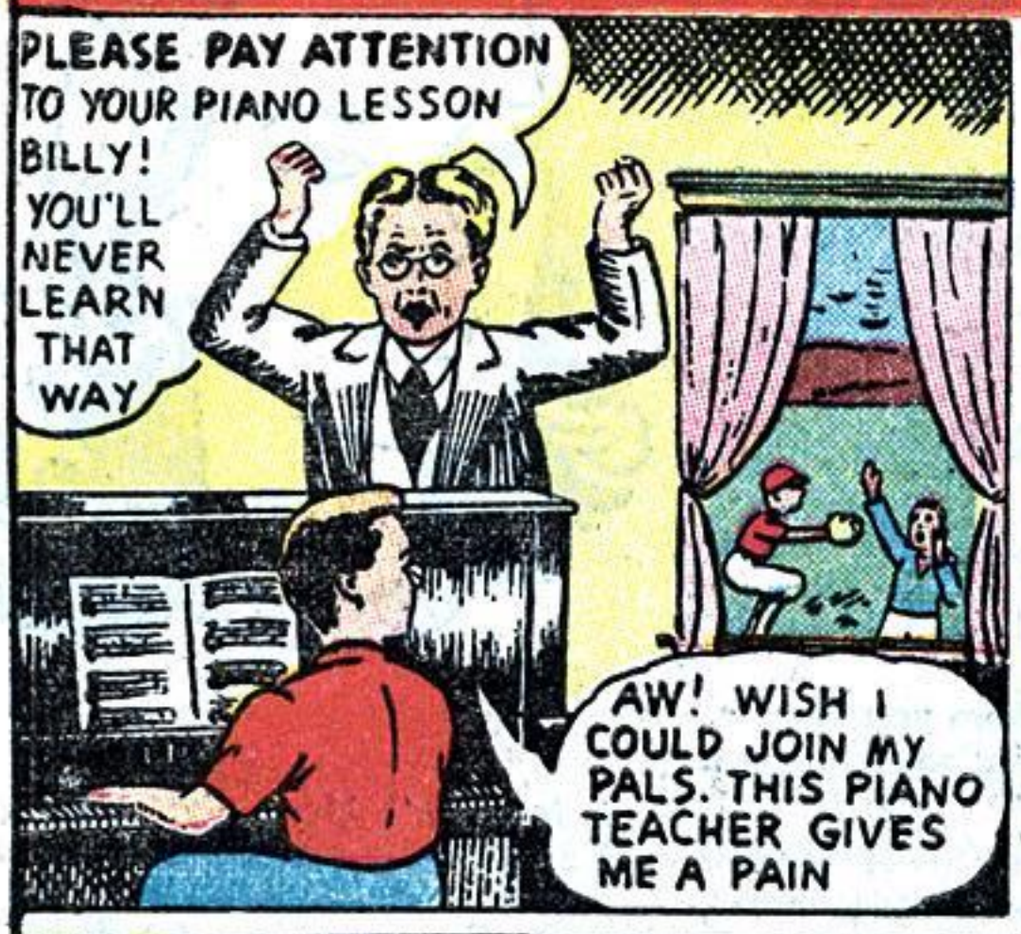
This double treatment has worked wonders for so many cases of external skin troubles that it may help you, too —***in fact, your money will be refunded*** *if it doesn't*. Use it for only ten days. You have everything to gain and nothing to lose. It is a guaranteed treatment. Enjoy it. Your dream of a clear, smooth complexion may come true in ten days or less.

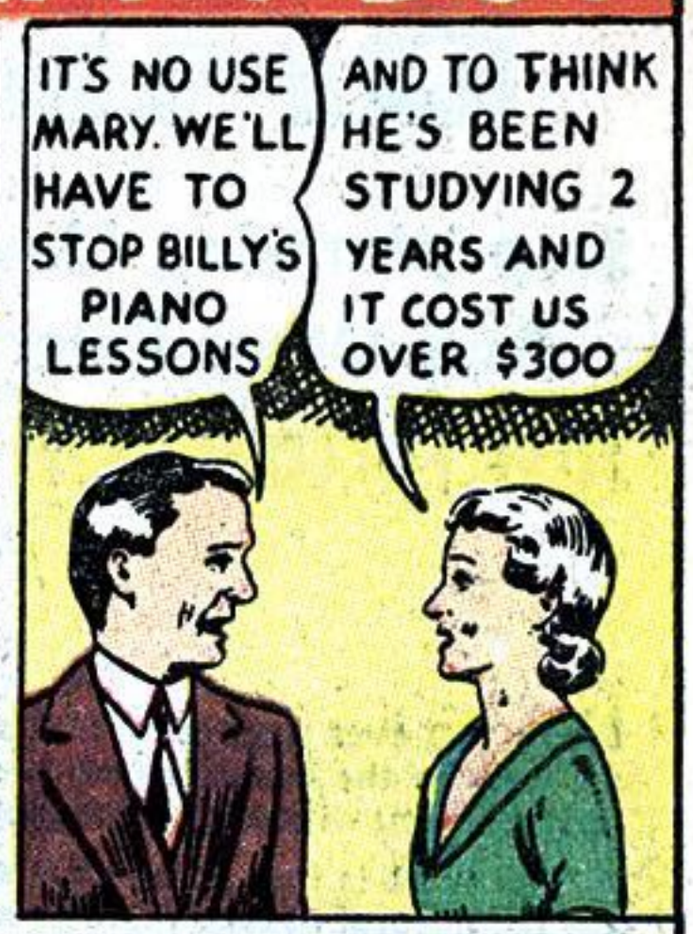
Use your double Viderm treatment every day until your skin is smoother and clearer. Then use it only once a week to remove stale make-up and dirt specks that infect your pores, as well as to aid in healing external irritations. Remember that when you help prevent blackheads, you also help to prevent externally caused skin miseries and pimples.

Incidentally, while your two jars and the doctor's directions are on their way to you, be sure to wash your face as often as necessary. First use warm water, then cleanse with water as cold as you can stand it, in order to freshen, stimulate and help close your pores. After you receive everything, read your directions carefully. Then go right to it and let these two fine formulas help your dreams of a beautiful skin come true.

Just mail your name and address to Betty Memphis, care of the New York Skin Laboratory, 206 Division Street, Dept 3 7 9 New York 2, N. Y. By return mail you will receive the doctor's directions, and both jars, packed in a safety-sealed carton. On delivery, pay two dollars plus postage. If you wish, you can save the postage fee by mailing the two dollars with your letter. If you are in any way dissatisfied, your money will be cheerfully refunded. To give you an idea of how fully tested and proven the Viderm double treatment is, it may interest you to know that, up to this month, over two hundred and twelve thousand women have ordered it on my recommendation. If you could only see the thousands of happy, grateful letters that have come to me as a result, you would know the joy this simple treatment can bring. And, think of it!— the treatment must work for *you*, or it doesn't cost you a cent.

HOW A SIMPLE DISCOVERY MADE BILLY A VERY HAPPY BOY


PLEASE PAY ATTENTION TO YOUR PIANO LESSON BILLY! YOU'LL NEVER LEARN THAT WAY
AW! WISH I COULD JOIN MY PALS. THIS PIANO TEACHER GIVES ME A PAIN



HOW'D YOU LEARN TO PLAY PIANO SO WELL AND SO FAST.. BOBBY
IT'S A CINCH BILLY. WITH A SLIDE-CHORD DEVICE ANYONE CAN LEARN TO PLAY IN A JIFFY

IMAGINE DEAR, HOW MUCH MONEY WE COULD HAVE SAVED IF BILLY HAD KNOWN OF THAT SLIDE-CHORD DEVICE
AND HE WOULD HAVE PLAYED SO NICELY 2 YEARS AGO

IT'S AMAZING SHIRLEY, HOW NICELY YOU'RE PLAYING THE PIANO IN LESS THAN 5 DAYS. HOW DO I GET STARTED?
WRITE TO THE DALE SHEARS SCHOOL OF MUSIC, STRUTHERS, OHIO. THE COST IS ONLY $2 COMPLETE AND INCLUDES THE SLIDE-CHORD DEVICE. 25 EASY LESSONS AND 33 POPULAR SONGS-ALL SOLD ON A MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE. JUST CLIP THE COUPON, TOM. YOU'LL NEVER REGRET IT!

NEWLY INVENTED SLIDE CHORD DEVICE MOVES OVER KEYBOARD AND TRAINS ANY ONE TO PLAY PIANO IN ONE DAY

This amazing invention fits any piano and guides your fingers through the most complicated melodies and tunes. No tedious drills or exercises. You get quick and pleasing results by following our Easy ABC PICTURE METHOD containing 25 complete lessons. And in addition there are 33 popular songs so arranged that anyone, even a child, can play them all from 4 simple chords. Now there's no need to envy your piano-playing friends. Overnight, you, too, will become the life of the party.

FREE NO-RISK TRIAL OFFER

Because of the unusual success of our exclusive method, our generous NO RISK offer must prove everything we claim or it costs you nothing. The 25 lesson ABC PICTURE COURSE with 33 SONGS ARRANGED TO PLAY FROM 4 CHORDS and the newly-invented CHORD-SLIDE DEVICE cost only $2 complete-not a penny more to pay EVER. SEND NO MONEY. Mail the coupon to-day and when the course arrives, pay only $2 plus the C. O. D. charges (We prepay postage if you enclose $2) Then, if after 5 days you are not actually playing piano with both hands by ear or note, return the entire course and your $2 will be refunded.

SEND NO MONEY-MAIL COUPON

Dale Shears School of Music
Studio 401 Struthers 3, Ohio

☐ Subject to your Money-Back Guarantee, I am enclosing $2 (cash, check or money order) as full payment for the new CHORD-SLIDE INVENTION, the self-teaching "ABC PICTURE-METHOD" and the 33 POPULAR SONGS, all arranged to be played with 4 simple chords. You agree to pay the postage.

☐ Send COD and I will pay $2 plus postage. Same Money-Back Guarantee applies.

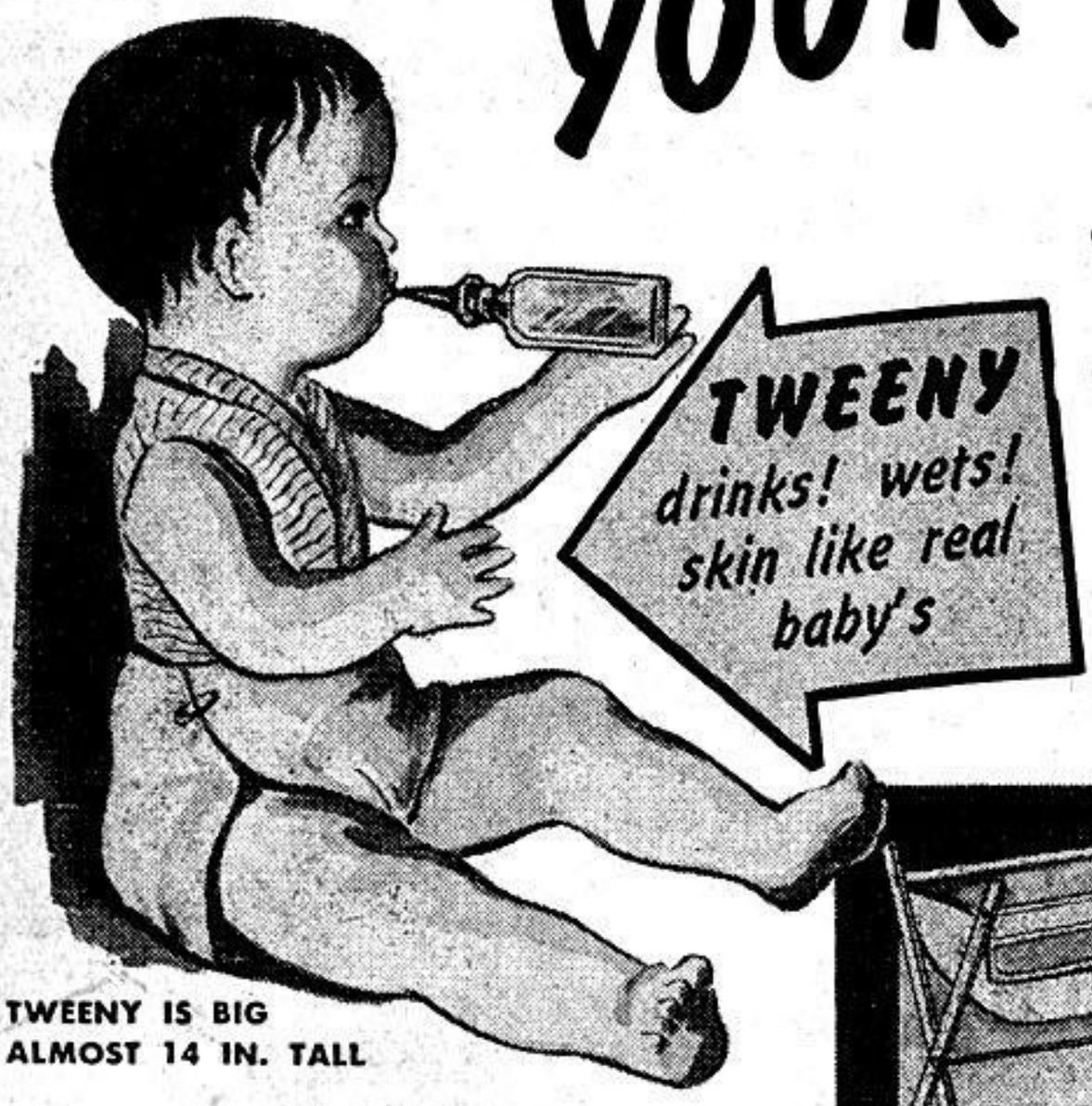
NAME .....

Address .....

CITY ..... STATE .....

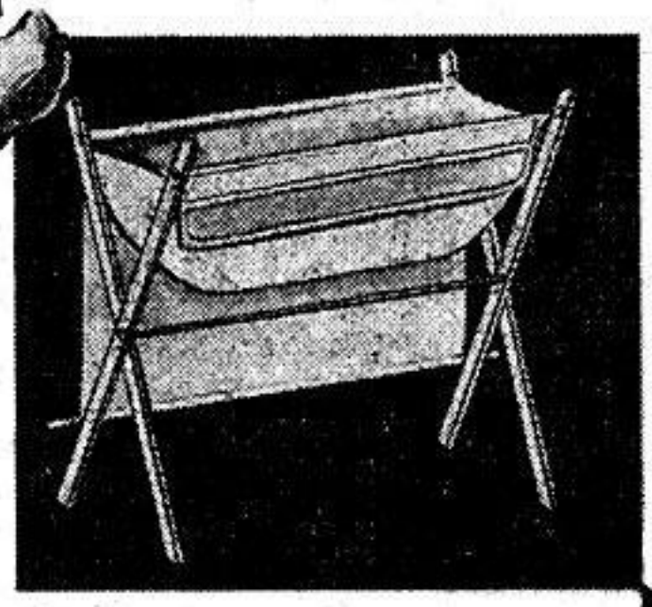
[illegible] $3 U.S.A.

MAKE YOUR CHILD HAPPY!



TWEENY IS BIG
ALMOST 14 IN. TALL

with this sensational TWEENY NURSERY SET that gives her everything she loves and wants for "playing mother". Never before has a doll with wonderful baby-like skin been offered at this low price—with Baby Bath and Dressing Table combination and layette too—SEE HER DRINK FROM HER BOTTLE—WET HER DIAPERS—GET A BATH—GO TO SLEEP!



BATH TUB AND DRESSING TABLE COMBINATION—lift top for tub beneath

YOU would think TWEENY alone would cost $4.98. So big! So real! Imagine the fun your child will have giving TWEENY her bottle and changing her diapers, for TWEENY really—feeds from her bottle—and really wets like any baby will.

She's adorable, too . . . with such chubby pink cheeks, natural-looking head, long eyelashes, deep blue sparkling eyes that open and close, movable legs, and a body of soft rubber skin lifelike to the touch that looks, feels and washes like baby. And when time for TWEENY to bathe and get dolled up . . . there's her combination bath tub and dressing table plus complete change of outfit—all part of this TWEENY NURSERY SET—all included without extra cost in this extraordinary $4.98 offer!

12 PIECE LAYETTE

TWEENY'S FOLDING BATH TUB and DRESSING TABLE stands on enamelled metal frame 14½ in. high, and has top for sleeping and waterproof tub. A darling tub fitted even with special pockets to hold soap and washcloth. TWEENY'S 12-PIECE LAYETTE packed in cellophane, includes bottle and nipple, embroidered play suit, white knit baby shirt, extra diapers, powder puffs, white knit socks, cunning white shoes all to make TWEENY beautiful and mother proud!

Get this wonderful TWEENY set . . . now . . . for the most wonderful little girl in the world! TWEENY is practically indestructible . . . and with her comes also the privilege of subscribing, if you wish, to the Doll Outfit of the Month—a joy to every doll mother!

SEND NO MONEY!

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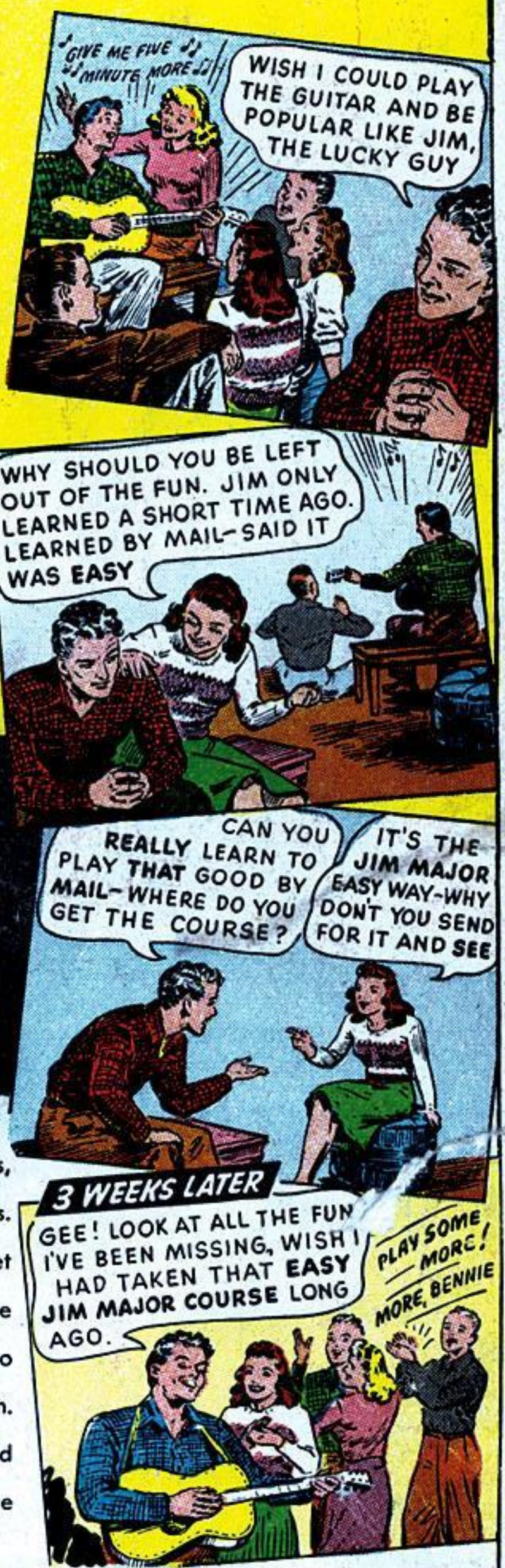
New Easy Way TEACHES GUITAR

In 3 Weeks to Your Satisfaction or No Cost


GIVE ME FIVE MINUTE MORE
WISH I COULD PLAY THE GUITAR AND BE POPULAR LIKE JIM, THE LUCKY GUY
WHY SHOULD YOU BE LEFT OUT OF THE FUN. JIM ONLY LEARNED A SHORT TIME AGO. LEARNED BY MAIL—SAID IT WAS EASY
CAN YOU REALLY LEARN TO PLAY THAT GOOD BY MAIL—WHERE DO YOU GET THE COURSE?
IT'S THE JIM MAJOR EASY WAY—WHY DON'T YOU SEND FOR IT AND SEE
3 WEEKS LATER
GEE! LOOK AT ALL THE FUN I'VE BEEN MISSING, WISH I HAD TAKEN THAT EASY JIM MAJOR COURSE LONG AGO.
PLAY SOME MORE! MORE, BENNIE

30 PERSONALIZED LESSONS PLUS BOOK OF 53 SONGS Now Only $1.69

STARTS YOU PLAYING SONGS AT ONCE

If you want to quickly learn guitar playing, if you want to play popular song hits, hymns, waltzes, western songs and old guitar favorites like "La Paloma," here's sensational news. At last one of the nation's foremost instructors has perfected a wonderfully complete yet simple guitar course that teaches guitar at home so quick it's amazing. It gives you the rudiments of music, tells all you need to know about guitar playing, shows you where to put your fingers, starts you playing simple songs like "Long, Long Ago" the 2nd lesson. There's 30 lessons in all, each so perfectly arranged you surprise yourself at your rapid advancement. Never before was GUITAR PLAYING made more easy and never have you heard a more fair trial and approval offer than this!

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Let 3 Week Home Trial Convince You

Just mail your name. I'll send the complete course of guitar instructions, fully illustrated and simplified. On arrival you are asked to deposit only $1.69 plus C.O.D. postage, on the guarantee you must be playing the guitar to your satisfaction and delight in only 3 short weeks or you may return the course for your money back.

SONG BOOK INCLUDED AS A GIFT

And here's more good news. If you act now you will also receive without extra charge the regularly priced $1.00 KARL & HARTY'S BIG 53 SONG BOOK . . . words and music of 53 radio audience favorites like "I'm Here To Get My Baby Out Of Jail," "Friendless And Sad," etc. Songs especially suited for the guitar. You'll quickly learn to play and enjoy this new easier-than-ever guitar method. Don't wait but mail the special coupon now while 2 for 1 offer is yours for the taking.

MAIL COUPON FOR INSPECTION, TRIAL AND APPROVAL

JIM MAJOR, Rm. 54C
230 East Ohio Street, Chicago 11, Ill.

2 for 1 Coupon

For my inspection, trial and approval send the complete new 30 lesson Jim Major Guitar Course, and the 53 song KARL & HARTY SONG BOOK. I will pay only $1.69 plus C.O.D. postage, on the guarantee I can return my purchase in 3 weeks if I am not satisfied, and get my money back.

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